HI!!!! My name is MainyBoo/Taylipt, and I'm here to profess my GIGANTIC ADORATION AND LOVE TOWARDS THE FANFIC YOU HAVE WRITTEN, AUTHOR!!

Before I talk about specific parts (because I do have specific parts that I want to comment on), generally this is the best characterization of these two doomed lovers I've ever read! The emotion, the way they deal with their feelings is IMMACULATE and I genuinely cherish every single line you have written. Congrats on gaining a new subscriber!!!!!

Now, onto what I like to call Tay's Stages of Insanity (instead of Stages of Grief):

Things were going great (aka I was enjoying the fic but was still sane) until this part:

I should be happy, he tells himself. *Weep tears of joy.*

And yet, the words that settle on his tongue are: "I'm scared."

It's the voice of a child. One that knows the feeling of solitude and despair. One that longed for the simplicity of freedom, but found themselves bound to a body they did not recognize. Even now, after all those years, and after his efforts — *their* efforts — he cannot escape that little voice that lingers in the back of his mind, dragging itself against the walls of his skull.

"I know," Olruggio replies quietly.

His palm is open now. Waiting.

Always waiting.

How often did Qifrey think of reaching for it?

This part made me actually want to cry. Because not only did it feel incredibly in character, it also felt personal, even though I myself have never struggled with longing for someone for as many years as they did (thank hell).

I continued reading, but my feelings escalated! WOW!!!

Because you decided to utterly CRUSH me by writing this:

It earns him another smile, one that cuts right through the center of him. "I read your journal while you slept. All of it. And I spoke to Coco and to Beldaruit to put some of the pieces together. I know what you had to do to survive. And my role in it. Even if the memories are gone, a part of me still *knows*," Olruggio continues. "And I'd do it all over again."

The tightness in Qifrey's throat appears so sudden. It seizes him entirely and swallowing becomes difficult. Nevertheless, he tries. "Stop."

"I mean it, Qifrey."

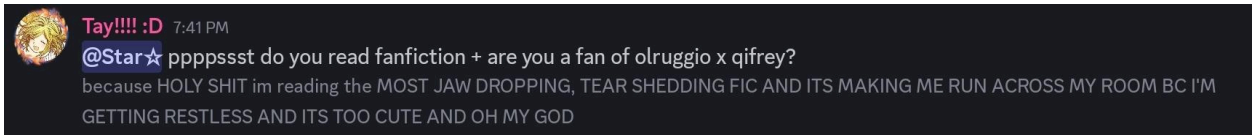
"I know you do."

"Then trust me again. Like you did all those years ago."

To Qifrey's surprise, a laugh pushes from his throat, though it sounds more like a sob. "Do you think I ever stopped?"

His gaze drops to Olruggio's hand again. It's still there, *waiting* for him.

And OH BOY did this part of the fic squish me as if I were just a tiny bug getting stepped on. I genuinely felt my eyes water a bit (don't worry, I'm a person that cries very easily). It was also here that I decided to message a group chat that I have with a few friends of mine (one of the members is a Witch Hat Atelier fan and I DESPERATELY needed someone to talk to about this fic):


Tay!!!! :D 7:41 PM
@Star☆ ppppssst do you read fanfiction + are you a fan of olruggio x qifrey?
because HOLY SHIT im reading the MOST JAW DROPPING, TEAR SHEDDING FIC AND ITS MAKING ME RUN ACROSS MY ROOM BC I'M GETTING RESTLESS AND ITS TOO CUTE AND OH MY GOD

But since they didn't reply fast enough, I continued reading! I was already worked up enough, feeling things over a fanfiction that I had not felt in LITERAL YEARS (there is only one (1) other fic in Ao3 that has ever gotten me in this state). I did not expect to LITERALLY LOSE MY SHIT!!!!! OK????

Then, as if I weren't already losing all grasp on reality, I read these 2 parts here. And all I wanted to do was to SOMEHOW grab Olruggio's shoulder and scream “GOD DAMMIT IF YOU DON'T START SPILLING PRAISE AND WORDS OF AFFIRMATION INTO QIFREY'S EARS RIGHT EXACTLY THIS MOMENT I'M GOING TO PUNT YOU TO THE SUN”. Yeah, I'm normal about these two. Uhuh.

> “Qifrey,” Olruggio mumbles, “if it’s too much—”
>
> “No,” Qifrey answers immediately with a shake of his head.
>
> *I want this*.
>
> Concern tugs on Olruggio’s features, which makes something inside of Qifrey’s chest squeeze together tightly.
>
> “I want this,” he says aloud this time.
>
> His breath passes through his body in cycles, and he allows himself to focus on it. The stretch in his muscles as his chest expands and back widens. Each inhale seems to unravel something in him, allowing the tension to bleed from his body.
>
> Once more he observes Olruggio’s features, taking in the color of his eyes — an intriguing shade that reminds him of a star-filled sky — and the harsh line of his mouth. He observes the dark strands that fall across his forehead, the cut of his jawline, the bridge of his nose.
>
> *I want him and this life we built together.*
>
> *I want to live.*

> For a moment, Qifrey doesn’t know what to say to that. A quiet laugh manages to crawl along the walls of his throat, slowly, carefully exiting his mouth like a spider. “Feels strange.”
>
> “Still?”
>
> “Still.”
>
> Briefly, Olruggio looks troubled. If Qifrey looks closely, he’s able to spot a hint of red along the high points of his cheeks. It bleeds into the rest of his face, a rose-colored flush decorating his skin as it does every time they drink. “Can I—do anything for you?”
>
> Another laugh, part amusement, part heartbreak.
>
> *So dutiful*, he muses. *So good.*
>
> He ignores the quiet voice in the back of his head that whispers ‘*Too good for me.*’

But THEN you decided to DROP A FUCKING NUKE ON MY HEAD. /pos

> Even saying the words feels strange. Wrong, somehow. They make Olruggio smile though, a chuckle spilling from parted lips. Perhaps wrong words can serve a purpose. As long as Olruggio keeps smiling like that, corners of his mouth raised and cheeks lifted, Qifrey thinks he could spend a lifetime saying the wrong things.

A frustrated groan is the only response he gets at first. It's followed by Olruggio squeezing his hand and using the heel of his other hand to push against his browbone. "It's not," he replies, head still lowered. "I feel like an idiot."

Frowning, Qifrey asks, "Why?"

"Cause I'm *tryin'* to—" Olruggio starts, then exhales roughly. "Find the right words but…"

A moment of silence passes between them until Qifrey suggests, "What if you use the wrong words?"

The question causes Olruggio to at least raise his head. He offers Qifrey a quizzical look, brows drawn together in a way that forms a deep line above the bridge of his nose. Confusion is painted across his features as though he finds Qifrey's suggestion absolutely preposterous. It looks strangely handsome on him. "What?"

Qifrey licks his lips and inhales deeply. The hope is still there, but it's eclipsed by a strange rush of adrenaline; a sudden urge to build on the foundations they've laid before.

So much time has passed already. A million little heartbreaks, countless stolen glances, decades worth of memories erased and rewritten, over and over and *over*. Always building, always breaking. Every construct has been demolished, but here they are, standing in the ruins with inked-stained fingers and half-formed memories.

(How many times will they rewrite this part?)

He's tired.

So *very* tired.

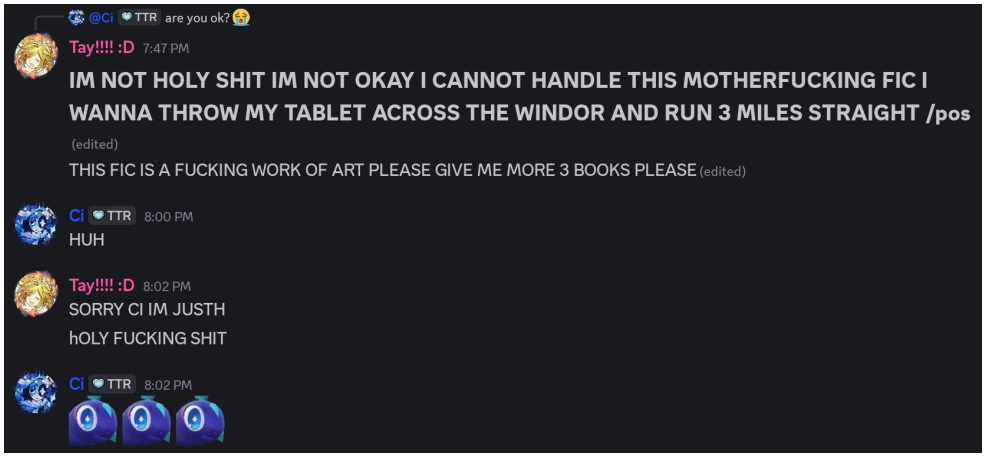
Something desperate has taken root in his heart. It makes an attempt to crawl its way out, using his ribs as a leverage point and hooking its claws into sinew and bone to escape the prison that had been built to contain it. Qifrey doesn't possess the energy to fight it any longer. Let it burst from his chest with some kind of monstrous violence; he'll gladly surrender.

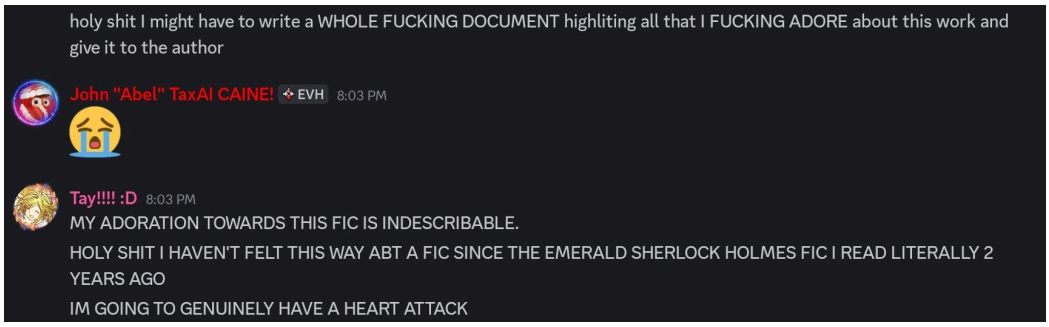
On an exhale he says, "Use the wrong words."

THIS. THIS RIGHT HERE STARTED MY INSANITY ARC.

Because not only was it BEAUTIFULLY written, it also hit waaaaaaaay too close to home. Like, incredibly close in ways you can't imagine. And I felt as if I could feel Qifrey's own feelings inside my own chest, and it felt as if I was going to explode.

Which was what led to this mess:


@Ci TTR are you ok?
Tay!!!! :D 7:47 PM
IM NOT HOLY SHIT IM NOT OKAY I CANNOT HANDLE THIS MOTHERFUCKING FIC I WANNA THROW MY TABLET ACROSS THE WINDOR AND RUN 3 MILES STRAIGHT /pos
(edited)
THIS FIC IS A FUCKING WORK OF ART PLEASE GIVE ME MORE 3 BOOKS PLEASE (edited)
Ci TTR 8:00 PM
HUH
Tay!!!! :D 8:02 PM
SORRY CI IM JUSTH
hOLY FUCKING SHIT
Ci TTR 8:02 PM


holy shit I might have to write a WHOLE FUCKING DOCUMENT highliting all that I FUCKING ADORE about this work and give it to the author
John "Abel" TaxAI CAINE! EVH 8:03 PM
Tay!!!! :D 8:03 PM
MY ADORATION TOWARDS THIS FIC IS INDESCRIBABLE.
HOLY SHIT I HAVEN'T FELT THIS WAY ABT A FIC SINCE THE EMERALD SHERLOCK HOLMES FIC I READ LITERALLY 2 YEARS AGO
IM GOING TO GENUINELY HAVE A HEART ATTACK

Yeeeeeeeah, I was losing mu shit. Like, completely losing my shit. I simply could NOT handle seeing the way you wrote these two idiots. I just couldn't!!!! And since I barely know any friends that also enjoy fanfiction AND WHA, I simply burst open and started to lose it all on my friends LOL.

I won't even include the kiss scene, because GOD THE ENTIRE THING WAS PERFECT. Absolutely STUNNING. I have no words to describe what I felt, nor what I'm feeling.

Overreaction aside (because this is definitely me overreacting, but I don't regret it a single bit), this was the fruit of an amazing author. Thank you for blessing my ENTIRE month with this. I won't be able to stop gushing about it. <3